DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 332 057 CG 020 484

AUTHOR DeVault, Christine; Strong, Bryan
TITLE Danny's Dilemma. It's Your Choice!
REPORT NO ISBN-0-941816-31-1
PUB DATE 87
NOTE 83p.; For related documents, see CG 020 482-490.
AVAILABLE FROM Network Publications, 1700 Mission Street, Suite 203, P.O. Box 1830, Santa Cruz, CA 95061-1830 ($3.95; discounts for quantity).
PUB TYPE Creative Works (Literature,Drama,Fine Arts) (030) -- Guides - Classroom Use - Instructional Materials (For Learner) (051)

EDRS PRICE MF01 Plus Postage. PC Not Available from EDRS.
DESCRIPTORS Adolescents; *Decision Making; Fiction; Health Education; Instructional Materials; Intermediate Grades; Junior High Schools; *Peer Influence; *Preadolescents; *Prevention; *Smoking; Student Responsibility; *Tobacco

ABSTRACT

This interactive book on tobacco is part of a series of three interactive books on tobacco, alcohol, and marijuana; three informational books containing parallel content; and three teacher guides designed to give students in grades five through eight practice in using the information and skills presented in the books. The goal of this book and the accompanying informational book and teacher guide is to prevent tobacco use by preadolescents. In the beginning of the story, students learn about the main characters. After that, the story depends on the reader, who makes decisions about smoking for the main character. The readers' choices will take them to different parts of the book where they will discover what happened as a result of their decision. Readers continue to make choices until they reach the end of the book. When one story is finished, readers can go back and read the story again, this time making different choices and causing different consequences. (NB)

**********
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
**********

ED 320057
CG 020484

IT'S YOUR CHOICE!

# Danny's Dilemma

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Office of Educational Research and Improvement
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)
✓ This document has been reproduced as received from the person or organization originating it.
• Points of view or opinions stated in this document do not necessarily represent official OERI position or policy.

Christine DeVault and Bryan Strong

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL IN MICROFICHE ONLY HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Steven Bagnell
TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)."

*A teenager experiments with tobacco. . .*
*What will he do? It's up to you!*

*Danny's Dilemma* isn't an ordinary story and you don't read it like an ordinary book. Here's how it works.

In the beginning, you meet the characters and learn a litle about them — who they are, where they live, what they like to do. After that, the story depends on you. When Danny and his friend Sarah have a decision to make, you get to make it. Your choice will take you to a different part of the book, where you'll discover what happened as a result of your decision. As you read you'll continue to make choices until you come to the end. When you finish one story go back, make different choices. There are many stories in the same book. What happens to Danny and Sarah is up to you. You make the story happen—*it's your choice.*

IT'S YOUR CHOICE
Nonfiction Series
by David R. Stronck
*Alcohol: The Real Story*
*Tobacco: The Real Story*
*Marijuana: The Real Story*

IT'S YOUR CHOICE
Fiction Series
By Christine DeVault and Bryan Strong
*Serena's Secret (Alcohol)*
*Danny's Dilemma (Tobacco)*
*Christy's Chance (Marijuana)*

IT'S YOUR CHOICE
Teacher's Guides
are also available.

Attention: Schools and Organizations

IT'S YOUR CHOICE books are available at quantity discounts with bulk purchase for education, business or promotional use. For information, please write or call:

Special Sales Department
**Network Publications**
A Division of ETR Associates
P.O. Box 1830
Santa Cruz, CA 95061-1830
(408) 429-9822

# Danny's Dilemma

Christine DeVault/Bryan Strong

Illustrated by Robert Ransom

Network Publications
a division of ETR Associates
Santa Cruz, CA
1987

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

DeVault, Christine.
Danny's Dilemma.

(It's your choice)
Summary: The reader tries to help Danny make decisions about using tobacco and shares with him the consequences of each decision.
1. Plot-your-own stories. 2. Smoking—Juvenile fiction. [1. Smoking—Fiction. 2. Tobacco habit—Fiction. 3. Conduct of life—Fiction. 4. Plot-your-own stories] I. Strong, Bryan. II. Ransom, Robert, (Robert D.), ill. III. Title. IV. Series.
PZ7.D496Dan 1987 [Fic] 87-18543

ISBN 0-941816-31-1 (pbk.)

Copyright 1987 by Network Publications, a division of ETR Associates. All rights reserved.

Except as permitted under the United States Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced or distributed in any form or by any means, or stored in a data base or retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

For more information contact:
**Network Publications**
P.O. Box 1830
Santa Cruz, CA 95061-1830
(408) 429-9822

ISBN 0-941816-31-1

# Danny's Dilemma

"All right, that's it! Hit the showers!" yelled the coach. Practice was over. Seventeen sweaty members of the Rosemont High School's B basketball team pounded across the gymnasium floor, down the corridor, and into the locker room.

The cavernous space was filled with sound: the crash of locker doors, the hiss of water from the showers, and the boys' shouts and catcalls. The heat, humidity, and familiar aroma made the air so thick you could almost reach out and touch it.

"Hey, watch it! I walk on 'em, too," Danny Velasquez complained. He gave his good friend Scott Wilson's shoulder a friendly push. Scott shoved him back and the two were quickly engaged in a playful scuffle. Some of the other guys joined in.

Within moments, Scott gripped Danny's head in a hammer lock while Anthony Taylor, the team's star center, held him off the floor by the seat of his gym trunks.

"Okay, okay! I give!" Danny gasped. The two released him. "Can't fight your own battles, huh, Wilson?"

"Shouldn't bite off more than you can chew, Daniel my man," Scott replied, laughing.

*The boys walked slowly enjoying the cool, fresh air. They also kept an eye out for girls.*



BEST COPY AVAILABLE

"Wait till your bodyguard's not around. Then you'll have something to really laugh about." Danny was trying to sound tough, but he couldn't help smiling. He felt really good. Tired, but good. Practice had gone well. Coach Walters had even commented on his excellent guarding.

Danny spun his locker's combination dial. The door opened on the second try. He grabbed his towel and headed for the shower, whistling. Scott was still fumbling with his lock and mumbling to himself. "Forget your combination again?" Danny inquired with a smile. He flicked his towel at Scott as he passed.

• • •

Later, Danny and Scott walked home along with Anthony, James Pryce, and Matt Burns. Danny was shorter than the other guys. But what he lacked in height, he made up for in quickness and coordination. The boys walked slowly, enjoying the cool, fresh air after the stuffy gymnasium. They also kept an eye out for girls.

Scott reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a slightly crumpled package. "Anyone want a smoke?" Anthony took a cigarette.

Danny shook his head. "No, thanks."

James looked at Anthony and Scott. "Breaking training, huh?" he asked with a teasing grin.

"Mind your own business, bro', " Anthony said.

Scott just laughed nervously.

"Don't make no difference to me if you want to destroy your body," said James with a shrug.

As they walked along, they talked about their upcoming game with King High. It was going to be a tough one.

Across the street, three girls were leaving the neighborhood Mini Market. "Hey, Matt," said Scott, "isn't that your sister?"

" 'Fraid so," Matt replied.

"Go on and talk to her," Danny said, giving Scott a shove. "Jessica's a babe." He knew Scott was interested in her. As for himself, he'd been waiting for an opportunity to talk to Jessica's friend, Sarah Chen. He admired Sarah's artistic talent and the far-out way she dressed.

By this time, Jessica, Sarah, and Michelle had noticed the guys. They huddled together, giggling.

Then Jessica started across the street. Sarah and Michelle hung back. "Hey, Matt, are you going home now?" Jessica called.

"Yeah."

She walked up to him. "Could you take these books for me? I'm going over to Sarah's and I don't want to have to lug these all the way over there and back."

"Why don't you take them home first?" Matt asked.

"It's only two blocks."

"Scott'll take your books, won't you, Scott?" Danny chipped in.

"Aww, man," Scott muttered, giving Danny his dirtiest look. But he held out his arms for the books.

Now Jessica was embarrassed. "Oh no, that's okay.... You don't have to."

Scott smiled. "My pleasure," he said. He felt in control of the situation again.

"Well...if you're sure you don't mind," she said, smiling.

"What's the matter with your friends?" Anthony inquired. "They waiting for an invitation to cross the street?"

"Hey, you guys! Come on over." Jessica called. They did.

The group walked to the next corner. Danny fell into step next to Sarah. "How's it goin'?" he asked.

"Okay. Hey, I heard you just got chosen to work on the mural, too." The art classes had chosen their best artists to paint a huge mural in the school's entry hall. It would depict the early history of North and South America.

"Yeah. I'm going to be working on the 'Before Columbus' part. You know, with the Aztecs and Mayans and jungles and all that. It's gonna be far out," Danny said.

"All right! I'm working on 'Before Columbus,' too!"

"That's great!"

Sarah reached into the backpack she carried over one shoulder. She took out a package of cigarettes and held it out to Danny. "You want one?"

Danny hesitated. He'd tried smoking a few times because he thought it looked cool. But it made him sick to his stomach. Besides, you heard such horrible things these days about what tobacco could do to you—cancer and heart disease and so on.

"Well, you gonna join me or not?" She was looking up at him. There was a twinkle in her bright, dark eyes.

*What did Danny do?*

**Choice A**
*If you think Danny took a cigarette,*
**turn to page 8.**

**Choice B**
*If you think Danny did* not *take a cigarette,*
**turn to page 16.**

*Continued from page 7*

"Sure, thanks." Danny smiled and took the cigarette. Sarah lit it for him. He didn't inhale because he was afraid of choking.

Sarah lit her own cigarette, inhaled deeply, and blew out a cloud of smoke. She called to her friends, who were a little ahead of them. "Hey, Jess! Michelle! We've got to turn here for my house." She stopped and smiled at Danny. "So maybe I'll be seeing you more now. With the mural and all."

"For sure," said Danny. As the girls headed toward Sarah's house, he jogged to catch up with the other guys.

He slowed to a walk next to Scott and James and took another drag on the cigarette. He felt a little lightheaded but not as bad as he'd felt when he'd tried smoking before.

James looked at Danny and said, "Change your mind about smoking?"

"Shut up," said Danny. He felt a little disgusted with himself. Even if smoking looks cool, he thought, it's still really bad for you.

They walked on to Matt's house. Scott and Matt went inside, and James headed in the direction of his house. Anthony and Danny walked together toward the part of town they lived in. Here the houses were older and smaller. There were lots of apartment houses, too. Danny, his older brother David, and their mother Irene lived

in one of these.

Danny's parents had been divorced for ten years. Although he loved his dad, they only saw each other occasionally. And even then they didn't seem to have much to talk about.

Their apartment was small, but cozy. No one was home when Danny arrived. His mom wasn't due back yet from her job in the office of a nearby elementary school. David's probably at the library, Danny thought. It seemed as if his brother was always studying. Not only did David get straight A's in high school, but he also was doing very well in his community college night classes. Next year he'd be attending a university.

Danny sighed, shaking his head. He'd never be a straight-A student like his brother. But, he thought, at least I can draw pretty well. Although Danny enjoyed basketball, soccer, and skateboarding, drawing was his true passion. And he was good at it. Everyone said so.

Danny turned on the radio. He washed the breakfast dishes that were in the sink. He set the table for dinner, then he headed toward the bedroom he shared with David.

Danny prided himself on being a sharp dresser. He stopped in the hallway to check himself out in the mirror. Not a bad lookin' dude, he thought, but it's time for a haircut.

## 10

In the bedroom, he got out a pad of paper and some pencils and began to draw. Often he drew cars, robots, alien beings, dragons. But now, fantastic plants and jungle animals with huge eyes emerged from the tip of his pencil.

Danny stopped drawing. I need to get some books on animals from South and Central America, he thought. He wanted his part of the mural at school to be realistic as well as beautiful. He decided to go to the library after dinner. Then he heard his mother come in the front door. He put down the pad and went out to see her.

Irene Velasquez was a short, spunky woman. She moved and spoke rapidly, and she liked to laugh.

"Hi, honey," she said when she saw Danny. "Tell me about your day."

* * *

A cold wind had sprung up and clouds were gathering overhead as Danny left the apartment building on his skateboard. He hoped he could make it to the library and back before it started to rain or, worse yet, snow.

Once inside the welcome warmth of the library, Danny took off his heavy jacket and stashed his skateboard and backpack under a table. Looking around, he didn't see anyone he knew very well. He asked the librarian

to help him find what he needed. Soon he was looking through a stack of books on the natural history and ancient cultures of the Americas.

"Hey, long time no see," said a familiar voice.

"Sarah! How you doin'? Hi, Michelle."

"What're you doing here anyway?" Sarah asked with a grin. "You could be home watching TV."

Danny didn't know whether to be insulted or not. He decided not to be. "Look at these cool pictures. I'm lookin' for ideas for the mural," he said.

Sarah sat down next to Danny. They looked through the books together and then decided they'd each take several home. They could develop their own ideas separately and then compare and combine them.

As Danny continued to look through the books, Sarah picked up a couple of magazines that were lying on the table. She started thumbing through them, looking at whatever caught her eye. She stopped at a beach scene with a group of young people lazing on the warm sand while blue waves lapped their feet. They looked so relaxed and carefree. Each of them held a cigarette.

Danny looked over at her. "You look like you're somewhere else," he said.

"Yeah, I am. I'm lying on a tropical beach."

Danny looked at the ad. He thought one of the guys looked kind of like him, except a little older. The girls

*Danny and Sarah looked through the books to get ideas for the school mural.*

were all smiling at that particular guy. He wished he could be that cool.

"I'm gonna take a smoke break," Sarah said, pushing away from the table. "Want to join me?"

Danny got his jacket and they went outside. They sat on a bench near the library door. This time when Sarah offered him a cigarette, Danny accepted right away. He still didn't inhale. But he felt confident and somehow older, sitting next to Sarah and blowing smoke into the cold night air.

Michelle came out then. "There you are!" she said to Sarah. "I've got to get going now. Are you coming with me?"

Sarah stood up. "Listen," she said, "could I have your phone number? Then we could talk more about the mural."

* * *

At school the next day it was business as usual. Basketball practice went well. Afterwards Danny walked home with Scott and Anthony.

When they got to the Mini Market, Anthony stopped. "I've gotta get some smokes," he said. "You want some?" he asked Danny.

Danny hesitated. "Uh, you go ahead and get what you need. I don't know if I have enough money on me."

## 14

Fumbling with his change gave Danny a chance to think.

Maybe I *should* start smoking, he thought. He remembered how he'd enjoyed sitting and smoking with Sarah. It had felt kind of like the cigarette ads that feature happy people who look very cool and together. Like the ad with the people at the beach. Of course, there wasn't a beach nearby, and anyway it was the middle of winter. Still, he thought, it seems to make me look older.

On the other hand, a lot of people would be upset if he started smoking. For example, his mom and Coach Walters. And James and some of his other teammates would probably disapprove. Also, deep down inside, he knew it wasn't a healthy thing to do.

A familiar image of his father flashed through his mind. His dad was coughing and struggling for breath, *and* he was lighting up a cigarette at the same time. Of course, I'd never let things get that bad, Danny thought.

Anthony was heading for the counter to pay for his soda and get the cigarettes. He looked over at Danny. If I'm gonna get them, I'd better speak up now, thought Danny.

*What did Danny do?*

**Choice A**
*If you think Danny decided to have Scott buy him a pack of cigarettes,*
**turn to page 24.**

**Choice B**
*If you think Danny decided* not *to get the cigarettes,*
**turn to page 26.**

*Continued from page 7*

"Uh, no, thanks," Danny said. "Gotta stay in training and all that." I hope Sarah doesn't think I'm uncool, he thought. But at least I'll stay in good shape. And I won't have bad breath like she does.

Sarah took out a cigarette and lit it. As she exhaled, she sighed. "Yeah...I'd really like to quit. But I get so nervous when I try. It's like I've lost control over my body. You're better off not starting, 'cause it's really hard to quit."

"Well, I could ask my sister how she did it. Quit, I mean. She used to smoke a lot. Then she found out she was gonna have a baby, so she stopped. Her doctor told her smoking could really hurt the baby," Danny said.

"Oh, thanks anyway." She inhaled deeply and blew out a cloud of smoke. "I don't think I'm really ready to quit."

She called to her friends who were a little ahead of them. "Hey, Jess! Michelle! We've got to turn here for my house." She stopped and smiled at Danny. "So maybe I'll be seeing you more now. With the mural and all."

"For sure," said Danny. As the girls headed toward Sarah's house, he jogged to catch up with the other guys.

They walked on to Matt's house. Scott and Matt went inside, and James headed in the direction of his house.

Anthony and Danny walked together toward the part of town they lived in. Here the houses were older and smaller. There were lots of apartment houses, too. Danny, his older brother David, and their mother Irene lived in one of these.

Danny's parents had been divorced for ten years. Although he loved his dad, they only saw each other occasionally. And even then they didn't seem to have much to talk about.

Their apartment was small, but cozy. No one was home when Danny arrived. His mom wasn't due back yet from her job in the office of a nearby elementary school. David's probably at the library, Danny thought. It seemed as if his brother was always studying. Not only did he get straight A's in high school, but he also was doing very well in his community college night classes. Next year he'd be attending a university.

Danny sighed, shaking his head. He'd never be a straight-A student like his brother. But, he thought, at least I can draw pretty well. Although Danny enjoyed basketball, soccer, and skateboarding, drawing was his true passion. And he was good at it. Everyone said so.

Danny turned on the radio. He washed the breakfast dishes that were in the sink. He set the table for dinner, then he headed toward the bedroom he shared with David.

*Danny enjoyed basketball, soccer and skateboarding, but drawing was his true passion.*



BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Danny prided himself on being a sharp dresser. He stopped in the hallway to check himself out in the mirror. Not a bad lookin' dude, he thought, but it's about time for a haircut.

In the bedroom, he got out a pad of paper and some pencils and began to draw. Often he drew cars, robots, alien beings, dragons. But now, fantastic plants and jungle animals with huge eyes emerged from the tip of his pencil.

Danny stopped drawing. I need to get some books on animals from South and Central America, he thought. He wanted his part of the mural at school to be realistic as well as beautiful. He decided to go to the library after dinner. Then he heard his mother come in the front door. He put down the pad and went out to see her.

Irene Velasquez was a short, spunky woman. She moved and spoke rapidly, and she liked to laugh.

"Hi, honey," she said when she saw Danny. "Tell me about your day."

* * *

That evening Danny went to the library to get ideas for the mural paintings. He was happy to find that Sarah was there too. They looked through books together and discussed their ideas.

## 20

After a while Sarah said she needed a cigarette. Danny joined her as she sat on a bench near the library door. "I don't suppose you want one, do you?" Sarah asked, pulling her cigarettes from her backpack.

"Uh, no thanks."

She fumbled with her matches and finally got her cigarette lit. "You know," she said, "I've been thinking about what you said about your sister stopping smoking. I decided when I finish this pack, I won't buy any more. What do you think?"

"That's great. Are you gonna chew gum or something instead?" Danny asked.

"I don't know. I thought I'd just try it and see how it goes. Was your sister a pretty heavy smoker?"

"Yeah, I think. She was smoking over a pack a day. She went through withdrawal—like with drugs, you know? She says it's because tobacco is a real strong drug. You get addicted to it."

"That's what I'm afraid of. I'm afraid it's going to be really hard," Sarah said.

"I'm sure you'll do fine."

Sarah looked into her cigarette pack. "Only four left," she said.

Michelle came out then. "There you are!" she said to Sarah. "I've got to get going now. Are you coming with me?"

Sarah stood up. "Listen," she said, "could I have your

phone number? Then we could talk more about the mural."

* * *

Sarah smoked one more cigarette before she went to bed that night. The next day, she didn't smoke at brunch break as she usually did. By lunch time she really wanted a cigarette so she walked across the street from the school and smoked her second-to-last one. She saved the last for after school.

She walked home with Michelle and another girl, Shawna Rains. "Can I bum a cigarette off you?" Shawna asked.

"Sorry. This is my last one," said Sarah. She stopped to light it.

"Oh, okay. I've gotta get some anyway."

When they got to the Mini Market, Shawna bought cigarettes. Sarah stocked up on chewing gum.

"No cigarettes?" Shawna asked.

"Uh, no. I've got some at home." It wasn't true, but she didn't want to tell anyone besides Danny and Michelle that she was trying to quit. That way, if she wasn't successful at it, she wouldn't have to explain it to a lot of people.

Later on at home, Sarah sat on the bed in her room. She had the books from the library open in front of

her. She turned the pages and made quick sketches of Indian costumes, pyramids, and wild animals. She popped another piece of gum in her mouth and tried not to think about cigarettes.

At dinner, she didn't talk much and was impatient with her younger brothers.

"Sarah, is something wrong?" Mrs. Chen asked after dinner.

"Oh, no, Mom. Not really. I think I'll just go for a little walk as soon as I finish the dishes."

"It's awfully cold out, honey."

"It's okay. I'll wear my warm coat. I just need some fresh air."

"Fresh air?" her dad said after she'd left. "I didn't think she knew what fresh air was."

Sarah walked quickly for several blocks. She breathed deeply and tried to think about something other than smoking. She thought about Danny. That was good, but it didn't work for long.

She found herself in front of the Mini Market. This is ridiculous, she thought. Why am I torturing myself? This just isn't a good time for me to quit. I should just go in and buy a pack and stop kidding myself.

Then she thought about Danny and his confidence in her. She thought about the awful things she'd heard about tobacco use: lung cancer, heart disease, things like that. She thought about all the money she'd save

if she didn't buy cigarettes. Her stomach was in knots.

*What did Sarah do?*

**Choice A**
*If you think Sarah decided to buy cigarettes,*
**turn to page 44.**

**Choice B**
*If you think Sarah decided* not *to buy cigarettes,*
**turn to page 45.**

*Continued from page 15*

Danny reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet. He took out some money. "Yeah, Anthony, get me a pack too."

When Danny got home, he stood in front of the mirror and smoked a cigarette. He checked out different ways of holding it. Then he tried different ways of blowing the smoke out. I guess smoke rings take some practice, he thought.

He did his chores quickly. Then he went into his bedroom. He sat on his bed, looking at the books he'd brought from the library.

When Mrs. Velasquez came home, she went straight to Danny's room.

"Have you been *smoking?*"

"Uh, yeah." Oh shoot, he thought. Now she's gonna be on my case.

"Oh, Danny. I can't believe it!" She sat down next to him. "What can I say? What can I do to make you stop? Don't be as dumb as I was! Do you remember how hard it was for me to quit? How long it took? And your father has emphysema from smoking. He can barely breathe. Don't you understand how serious this is?"

"C'mon, Mom. I'm not gonna smoke that much. You don't have to make such a big deal about it."

"Smoking is a big deal to me, Danny. I want you to understand that. I hate it that you're interested in starting. I didn't smoke that much when I started either.

Soon I couldn't stop smoking. It *is* a big deal, Danny." She reached over to muss his hair. She looked like she was going to cry. Danny hated it when she cried.

As his mother left the room, she paused in the doorway. "You can't smoke in the apartment. I won't allow it. The smell makes me sick. And besides that, the smoke is dangerous to me and your brother. Please think carefully about this, Danny."

*Turn to page 27.*

*Continued from page 15*

Danny turned suddenly, pushed open the door, and left the Mini Market. He stood on the sidewalk and breathed in the fresh, crisp air. He looked up at the sky. Looks like it's going to clear up, he thought. Maybe I'll take my skateboard over to the park.

Scott and Anthony came out then. "Where'd you go?" said Scott. "We thought you'd split."

"Just getting some fresh air," said Danny with a grin.

*Turn to page 33.*

The rest of the week passed quickly. Friday night the basketball team was in top form for their game against King High. They only lost by four points. The coach was impressed. "Next year we'll beat their pants off," he said.

* * *

Danny woke up late Saturday morning. He stumbled out into the kitchen in search of something to eat. David was sitting at the table.

"Whatcha reading?" asked Danny, sitting down across from his brother.

David showed him the book cover.

"Isn't that the same as the movie?" Danny asked.

"Yeah, pretty much."

"So why are you reading it if you've already seen the movie?"

David laughed and shook his head. "Some people actually like to read, Dan. Believe it or not."

Their mom came in then. "I need you boys to do something for me," she said.

Uh oh, thought Danny. There goes my Saturday.

"Don't look so depressed! It won't kill you. The washer downstairs is broken again. I don't understand why they don't get a new one. Anyway, I need you to take the wash to the laundromat."

## 28

Danny and David just sat there.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Okay, Mom." They knew they couldn't weasel out of it. Mrs. Velasquez dropped the car keys onto David's open book.

* * *

The laundromat was crowded, as it usually was on Saturday. The boys looked around for empty machines. David spotted two across from each other and they began to load them with clothes.

"We're gonna need at least one more," Danny said. "You finish loading and I'll check out the next row."

As he came around the next row of washing machines, he spotted a girl removing laundry from one of them. Her long black hair hid her face as she leaned over.

"Excuse me. Are you done with this machine?"

She looked up. A pair of dark eyes smiled into his.

"Lisa! Hi. I didn't know it was you."

"Hi, Danny. Yes, I'm through."

"Great. I'll be back in a second."

He dashed back to get the rest of the laundry. Lisa Rios! What a babe! She's my ideal woman, he thought. Well, one of my ideal women. He scooped up the remaining wash and ran back.

She was still there. "I saved the washer for you," she said.

"Oh great. Thanks. This place is crazy today."

"Well, I've got to try to find a dryer. I'll see you later," Lisa said.

"Okay. See ya," replied Danny.

While the washers sloshed and the dryers whirled, David read his book and Danny and Lisa talked. For a long time, Danny had been wanting to get to know Lisa better. But she was so pretty that he got tongue-tied whenever he was around her. Now they'd started talking though, and the rest was easy.

Danny took out his cigarettes. He offered one to Lisa. She shook her head. "I didn't know you smoked," she said.

"Yeah, a little," he said. He sensed that she disapproved. It made him uncomfortable.

"Well, I've got to check the dryers," she said. When Lisa removed her laundry from the dryers, Danny and David put theirs in.

"So do we put these on 'hot'?" David asked.

" 'Hot' for jeans and towels, 'warm' for the other stuff," said Danny. "I don't want my clothes all shrunk up."

Danny went back over to Lisa. Well, he thought, here goes. "Uh, listen.... I was thinking...." He stopped and she turned to look at him.

*"I'd like to go out with you," Lisa said. "But I don't go out with guys who smoke."*



BEST COPY AVAILABLE

"Yes?"

"Uh, would you like to do something sometime? Go see a movie maybe?"

She hesitated. "Well...."

Uh oh, he thought, rejection time.

"The thing is, Danny," she said, looking at him seriously, "I'd really like to. But I have a kind of rule with myself. I don't go out with guys who smoke."

Danny didn't know what to say. He felt a little insulted. After all, smoking didn't make him a different person. But Lisa was so fine! I'll give it another try, he thought.

"How about if I don't smoke while we're together? Then will you go out with me?"

She smiled. "Well, maybe. But will you think about quitting? I mean, you're so nice. I hate to see you ruining your health and all that."

"I'll think about it, okay? So how about next Saturday?"

She laughed. "You don't give up easily, do you? I'd like to, but I'll have to let you know for sure."

They exchanged phone numbers. Then Lisa gathered her laundry and headed for the door. "My mom just pulled up. I've got to go. It was nice talking to you."

"Same here. I'll call you."

"Okay. Bye now."

Danny sat on one of the tables and smoked another

cigarette. Lisa Rios! he thought. All right! Then it was time to start folding.

*Turn to page 37.*

*Continued from page 26* 

The rest of the week passed quickly. Friday night the basketball team was in top form for their game against King High. They only lost by four points. The coach was impressed. "Next year we'll beat their pants off," he said.

* * *

Danny woke up late Saturday morning. He stumbled out into the kitchen in search of something to eat. David was sitting at the table.

"Whatcha reading?" asked Danny, sitting across from his brother.

David showed him the book cover.

"Isn't that the same as the movie?" Danny asked.

"Yeah, pretty much."

"So why are you reading it if you've already seen the movie?"

David laughed and shook his head. "Some people actually like to read, Dan. Believe it or not."

Their mom came in then. "I need you boys to do something for me," she said.

Uh oh, thought Danny. There goes my Saturday.

"Don't look so depressed! It won't kill you. The washer downstairs is broken again. I don't understand why they don't get a new one. Anyway, I need you to take the wash to the laundromat."

## 34

Danny and David just sat there.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Okay, Mom." They knew they couldn't weasel out of it. Mrs. Velasquez dropped the car keys onto David's open book.

* * *

The laundromat was crowded, as it usually was on Saturday. The boys looked around for empty machines. David spotted two across from each other and they began to load them with clothes.

"We're gonna need at least one more," Danny said. "You finish loading and I'll check out the next row."

As he came around the next row of washing machines, he spotted a girl removing laundry from one of them. Her long black hair hid her face as she leaned over.

"Excuse me. Are you done with this machine?"

She looked up. A pair of dark eyes smiled into his.

"Lisa! Hi. I didn't know it was you."

"Hi, Danny. Yes, I'm through."

"Great. I'll be back in a second."

He dashed back to get the rest of the laundry. Lisa Rios! What a babe! She's my ideal woman, he thought. Well, one of my ideal women. He scooped up the remaining wash and ran back.

She was still there. "I'm saving the washer for you," she said.

"Oh great. Thanks. This place is crazy today."

"Well, I've got to try to find a dryer. I'll see you later," Lisa said.

"Okay. See ya," replied Danny.

While the washers sloshed and the dryers whirled, David read his book and Danny and Lisa talked. For a long time, Danny had been wanting to get to know Lisa better. But she was so pretty that he got tongue-tied whenever he was around her. Now they'd started talking though, and the rest was easy.

When Lisa removed her laundry from the dryers, Danny and David put theirs in.

"So do we put these on 'hot'?" David asked.

" 'Hot' for jeans and towels, 'warm' for the other stuff," said Danny. "I don't want my clothes all shrunk up."

Well, Danny thought, here goes. "Uh, listen.... I was thinking...." He stopped and she turned to look at him.

"Yes?"

"Uh, would you like to do something sometime? Go see a movie maybe?"

"That sounds good."

"Well, how about next Saturday?"

"I think so, Danny, but I'll have to let you know for sure."

## 36

They exchanged phone numbers. Then Lisa gathered her laundry and headed for the door. "My mom just pulled up. I've got to go. It was nice talking to you."

"Same here. I'll call you."

"Okay. Bye now."

*Turn to page 42.*

*Continued from page 32*



The following Saturday evening, Jessica and Scott picked Danny up. Jessica was driving a shiny blue VW Beetle.

Danny squeezed into the back seat. "Nice car, Jessica. Your folks get it for you?"

"Thanks. They gave it to me for my birthday. But I have to pay the insurance and repairs on it."

Scott broke in. "Jessica, do you know where you're going?"

"I'm not sure. Doesn't Lisa live over by the park?"

"Yeah," said Danny. "Garden Street. You can turn right at the next stop sign."

"You look fantastic," said Danny when Lisa met him at the door.

"Thanks." Her cheeks flushed slightly. "So do you."

"You ready?"

"Yes, but...uh...could you come in and meet my parents? They're kind of old-fashioned."

"Sure, no problem."

The VW chugged toward the movie theatre. "Does anyone mind if I smoke?" Danny asked.

"Yes!" Jessica and Lisa burst out together.

Lisa gave him a hurt look. "You promised," she said.

"Oh yeah, right. I'm sorry." Man, am I getting off to a bad start with her, he thought miserably. "I guess it's a habit with me. I didn't even think."

"Hey, don't worry about it," Lisa said. She smiled

*"Does anyone mind if I smoke?" Danny asked. "Yes!" said Jennifer and Lisa together.*



BEST COPY AVAILABLE

at him and patted his arm. "It's okay *this* time."

"Jessica won't let me smoke in here either," said Scott with a sigh.

"It gets my clothes and hair all smelly," Jessica said. "Plus second-hand smoke is bad for the people around you."

Later, at the movie, Danny held Lisa's hand. He felt supremely happy.

During intermission, Jessica and Lisa stood in front of the restroom mirror, fixing their hair. "Have you been going out with Scott for a long time?" Lisa asked.

"No, not really. I've known him a long time 'cause he's a friend of my brother. But we just started going out," said Jessica.

"Oh. He seems real nice."

"He is. Danny's nice too. Is this the first time you've been out with him?"

"Yeah." Lisa put on more lipstick.

"But you like him?" Jessica asked.

"Yeah. Of course, I don't know him super well. But I think he's a fox. Only I wish he didn't smoke."

"I know what you mean. I've been trying to get Scott to quit. I told him nobody wants to kiss an ashtray," said Jessica, making a face.

"Oh gross!"

"Well, maybe you'll find out."

"Hmm. Well, he promised not to smoke around me.

But his clothes and breath still smell bad. Maybe I could ask him to brush his teeth first," said Lisa.

The girls were laughing when they went into the lobby. They found Danny and Scott talking with some other kids from school.

One of the guys pulled a small round can from his back pocket. "Anyone want some dip?" he asked.

"Some what?" Lisa whispered to Jessica.

"It's dip, snuff...like powdered tobacco," she whispered back.

"What d'you do with it?" Lisa asked.

"I don't know exactly. I think you just put it in your mouth and hold it there."

Lisa made a horrible face.

Danny, however, looked interested. He'd never tried snuff before and wondered what it was like. He watched as Scott took a pinch of it.

"Oh, Scott," Jessica wailed. "What am I gonna do with you!"

Danny reached for the can.

Then he looked at Lisa to see what her reaction was. She wrinkled her nose. Well, it can't hurt to try, he thought. This isn't smoking. She's not my boss anyway. He had the feeling that everyone was watching him.

*What did Danny do?*

**Choice A**
*If you think Danny tried the snuff,*
**turn to page 55.**

**Choice B**
*If you think Danny decided* not *to try the snuff,*
**turn to page 63.**

*Continued from page 36*

The following Saturday evening, Jessica and Scott picked Danny up. Jessica was driving a shiny blue VW Beetle.

Danny squeezed into the back seat. "Nice car, Jessica. Your folks get it for you?"

"Thanks. They gave it to me for my birthday. But I have to pay the insurance and repairs on it."

Scott broke in. "Jessica, do you know where you're going?"

"I'm not sure. Doesn't Lisa live over by the park?"

"Yeah," said Danny. "Garden Street. You can turn right at the next stop sign."

"You look fantastic," said Danny when Lisa met him at the door.

"Thanks." Her cheeks flushed slightly. "So do you."

"You ready?"

"Yes, but...uh...could you come in and meet my parents? They're kind of old-fashioned."

"Sure, no problem."

Later, at the movie, Danny held Lisa's hand. He felt supremely happy.

During intermission, Jessica and Lisa stood in front of the restroom mirror, fixing their hair. "Have you been going out with Scott for a long time?" Lisa asked.

"No, not really. I've known him a long time 'cause he's a friend of my brother. But we just started going out," said Jessica.

"Oh. He seems real nice."

"He is. Danny's nice too. Is this the first time you've been out with him?"

"Yeah." Lisa put on more lipstick.

"But you like him?" Jessica asked.

"Yeah. Of course, I don't know him super well. But I think he's a fox."

"Well, he likes you a lot."

"You think so?" asked Lisa.

"I can tell," replied Jessica.

"I hope you're right."

Meanwhile Danny and Scott waited in the lobby. "You don't have a smoke by any chance?" Scott asked.

"No," said Danny. "Sorry."

"That's okay. I'm tryin' to cut down. Jessica hassles me about it all the time."

"Yeah. I've thought about smoking before, but it doesn't seem worth it. Most of the smokers I know have either quit or else they keep talkin' about how they'd like to quit. I figured it was easier not to start."

"You're right about that."

The girls came out then. The four friends walked back into the darkened theater.

*THE END*

*Continued from page 23*

Sarah hesitated for a moment in front of the Mini Market. Then she firmly pushed the door open. She hoped the clerk wouldn't ask for I.D. They usually didn't. If they did, it could be a hassle trying to find someone older to buy cigarettes for her.

She bought the cigarettes without a problem. She smoked one on the way home and another when she arrived. She sat on the front steps and blew smoke rings at the winter sky.

*THE END*

Sarah walked quickly to the phone booth in front of the Mini Market. She dropped a quarter into the slot and punched in Danny's number.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Danny?"

"Yeah."

"Hi. It's me, Sarah."

"Hi. How's it goin'?"

"Okay, I guess.... Oh, actually, not okay. I'm *dying* for a cigarette."

"Oh. I thought you sounded kinda funny."

"I didn't know what to do. I was gonna go into the Mini Market to buy some smokes. Then I decided to call you. I don't know why exactly. I guess I was hoping you would say some magic words to make me not smoke."

Danny was glad that Sarah had thought of him as someone she could call for help. He just wished he could think of something helpful to do.

"Do you want me to come down there or something?" he asked.

"Oh, you don't have to do that. Maybe we can just talk a little?"

"Sure.... So what do you want to talk about?"

Sarah giggled. "Um, let me see. Oh! What do you think about Friday's game with King? Are you worried?"

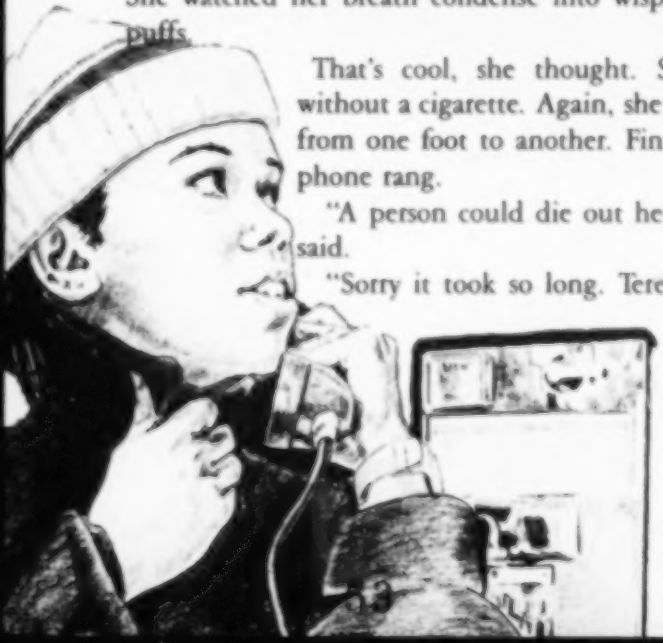
BEST COPY AVAILABLE

They chatted for a while about basketball, about their art projects, about friends.

"Hey, listen," Danny said. "I just thought of something. How about if I call my sister and see if she has any advice for you?"

"Well, okay. If you think she won't mind." She gave him the pay phone's number. "Call back quick okay? I'm starting to freeze!"

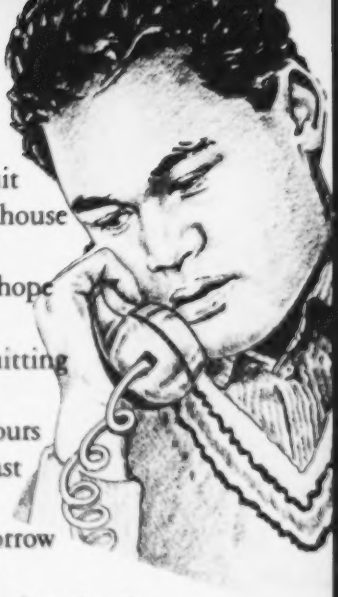
Talking to Danny had helped for a while, but Sarah still felt nervous. And cold. She wiggled her toes inside her boots. She hopped from one foot to another. She watched her breath condense into wispy white puffs.



That's cool, she thought. Smokin' without a cigarette. Again, she danced from one foot to another. Finally the phone rang.

"A person could die out here," she said.

"Sorry it took so long. Teresa's got



some ideas for helping people quit smoking. Can you go over to her house with me after school tomorrow?"

"Sure. That's really nice of her. I hope I don't go crazy before that."

"She said not to worry about quitting all at once."

"Well, I've gone for five whole hours without smoking. I guess I can last a little longer."

"Okay. Well, I'll see you tomorrow then. I've got practice till 4:30. I can meet you wherever you want after that."

"You know where Michelle lives, right? Why don't you just come by there when you're done with practice?" Sarah suggested.

"Okay. See you tomorrow. Good luck."

"Thanks. I need it."

Sarah hurried home. The fast walk helped warm her. Once home, she drank a large glass of orange juice, took a hot shower and fell into bed. She went right to sleep.

* * *



BEST COPY AVAILABLE

## 48

The following day Sarah waited at Michelle's after school. She was nervous and jumpy. She kept looking at the clock. At 4:45, Sarah jumped up. "I've gotta go. Danny must have got hung up somewhere. I can't just sit around and wait!"

"Lighten up, will you," said Michelle. "He'll be here. Hey! Did I show you my new sweater?"

Michelle rummaged through a drawer and pulled out a bulky oversized sweater in shades of blue and green. "Great colors, huh?"

"Yeah. That green especially. I have a shirt that color, remember? But I got a cigarette burn right on the front of it so I can only wear it under other things. I can't figure out how to fix it. I loved that shirt! Plus, it cost me a month's worth of babysitting."

"Well, at least you won't burn up your clothes anymore," said Michelle.

"Very funny."

Danny arrived then. So did Anthony, who wanted a chance to talk with Michelle.

"It's about time," Michelle told them. "This girl was starting to lose it."

"Why?" asked Anthony. "What's wrong with Sarah?"

"Nothing's wrong," said Sarah, glaring at Michelle.

But Michelle didn't seem to notice. "Sarah's quitting smoking," she announced. "Danny's taking her

over to his sister's to learn more about it."

Sarah was embarrassed. "Thanks a lot for telling everyone, Michelle."

"Hey, I think it's great," Michelle replied. "Anthony should go with you."

"Uh...no thanks." He looked nervously at Michelle.

Danny reached for Sarah's hand. "Come on, you're gonna do fine. Let's get out of here."

Teresa Luna and her husband Eddie lived in a cottage a few blocks from Michelle's house. She welcomed Danny and Sarah with a smile. "It's so nice to see you. Please excuse the mess. I'm trying to clear out some space to put the baby's things."

"When's your baby due?" Sarah asked.

"Later on this month." Teresa bustled around clearing space for her guests. She brought them a snack. She also brought Sarah a stack of leaflets and articles about smoking.

She told her that there were groups to help people give up smoking. "They have lots of ideas and different ways to help. Plus it's good to have a group of people who understand what you're going through. Or you might find some friends to help you. People you can talk to when the going gets rough."

"Right now it's hard for me to see how anyone can quit. It's only been a little over 24 hours and I feel horrible already."

## 50

"It'll get easier in a few days," Teresa said. "But your body will try to make you think you *need* more tobacco. Maybe you can find a person or a group to help you. I think I might have quit earlier if I'd had some help. But I had trouble even admitting I was addicted. Now it grosses me out to think how I was poisoning my body all those years. There's no way I could do that to an innocent baby. When a pregnant woman smokes, her baby might weigh less than normal when it's born. Or it could have other problems. I felt I *had* to quit."

When Danny and Sarah left, Teresa hugged Sarah and wished her luck. They walked toward Sarah's house. Danny was pleased to be with her and pleased with himself for helping her.

Sarah was glad to have Danny's company, too. But she didn't feel so good physically. She didn't talk much as they walked.

At Sarah's house they said goodbye. "Thanks again," she said.

"No problem," said Danny. He walked home whistling.

After dinner Sarah sat on her bed with all of Teresa's information on smoking spread out around her. It seemed that reading about cigarettes was making her want one even more. I'm addicted for sure, she thought. But all I need is one. They sell single cigarettes at the

Mini Market. I'll get just *one.*

She hurried into her coat. "Bye, Mom. I'll be back in a few minutes."

When Sarah reached the Mini Market she stopped outside to catch her breath. What am I doing? she asked herself. Then she opened the door and went in.

On the way home, Sarah smoked her cigarette slowly. What a relief! she thought.

But later on she felt bad. She felt weak and cowardly. I should just forget this whole thing about quitting, she thought. At least until I'm older and can handle it better. But before she fell asleep that night, Sarah thought she might keep trying to quit after all. I'll decide tomorrow, she thought.

*What did Sarah do?*

**Choice A**
*If you think Sarah decided she wasn't ready to quit smoking,*
**turn to page 52.**

**Choice B**
*If you think Sarah decided to find a way to quit smoking,*
**turn to page 53.**

 *Continued from page 51*

During lunch period the next day, Sarah walked to the Mini Market with her friend Shawna. They sat down on a low wall next to the market. When Shawna took out her cigarettes, Sarah asked for one too.

As the girls sat smoking, they talked about the videos they'd seen recently. "You've got to see that new one I told you about, Sarah! It's killer."

"Speaking of killer," a voice interrupted, "What's that I see in your hand?" It was Anthony. He was grinning at Sarah.

"I wouldn't talk if I were you," said Sarah, eyeing the cigarette he was holding.

"I'm not the one who said I was quitting."

"Just get off my case, okay, Anthony? Anyway, if Coach Walters catches you smoking, you're dead meat."

"Naw. He needs me too much," said Anthony. But he left Sarah alone after that.

"I tried to quit a whole bunch of times," said Shawna. "I just don't have the will power, I guess."

"Can we talk about something else?" asked Sarah. She just didn't want to think about quitting. Not now.

*THE END*

*Continued from page 51* 

The next morning Sarah woke up determined to keep from smoking. She drank an extra glass of juice at breakfast and took gum and sunflower seeds to chew at school. During break, she didn't go out with the kids who smoked.

When Sarah got home she called Scott and a couple of other friends whom she thought might want to quit smoking. They decided to form a support group to help each other out. They got together and read about ways to stop smoking. "If at first you don't succeed, try again" was their motto.

*Turn to page 61.*

*Sarah and Scott joined a support group to help them quit smoking.*



BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Danny took some of the snuff and tucked it inside his cheek. It burned a little, but it had a pleasant, minty flavor. He could sense that Lisa disapproved. She'll probably get over it, he thought. They went back into the theater.

Sitting in the darkness, Danny began to feel the effects of the snuff. It was kind of a soothing sensation at first. Then he began to get stomach cramps. He started to sweat. He excused himself and headed for the restroom.

When he came back a few minutes later, Scott leaned over to him. "What happened?" he whispered.

"Uh, nothin' really," Danny whispered back. He still wasn't feeling so hot but he thought he'd recover.

Scott wasn't fooled. "It affects you like that at first. But you get used to it."

* * *

Over the next few weeks, Danny continued to smoke. He started to use snuff too. His body was used to tobacco now, so he felt bad when he didn't use it.

Then something unexpected happened. Coach Walters, who'd been smoking for twenty years, decided to quit. Just like that. And when he quit, he decided that all the guys on Rosemont's teams who used tobacco were going to quit too.

## 56

One afternoon, the coach called all the basketball teams together for a meeting in the gym. "There're going to be some changes made around here," he announced. "You may not believe it at first, but I'm really doing you guys a favor. In fact, I may be saving your lives."

Anthony looked at Danny. "Aww man," he groaned. "Who needs this?" There were other moans and grumbles from the group.

"Up until now," Coach Walters said, "we've usually looked the other way when it came to smoking or chewing. Now it's going to be different." He turned out the lights and began to show slides. He showed lungs blackened by tar and hearts clogged up from the effects of nicotine. He showed lips, tongues, throats, and sinuses being eaten away by cancer. The worst ones of all were of a teenager with a gaping hole in his cheek. You could see his teeth through it. "That's the spot he always put his dip in," the coach announced.

"I'm gonna be sick," someone said.

"Chances are you'll be more than sick." (The coach was really getting worked up now.) "You'll be *dead* if you keep using tobacco—in any form. This kid with the hole in his face died. More and more people are getting mouth cancer. Most of them are guys your age. So I'm going to help you not be statistics."

Scott gave Danny a dazed look. "I didn't know it

was *that* bad," he said.

The coach switched off the projector. "From now on the policy around here is this. If you want to be on any team representing Rosemont High, you'd better not be using any tobacco products. It's not just the long-term effects that concern us. Tobacco makes your heart beat faster and causes you to tire more easily. That's not what we're looking for on Rosemont's teams.

"You already know how we feel about alcohol and other drugs. Well, the same thing is going to apply to tobacco."

Some of the audience laughed nervously. Coach Walters told them that he would be watching them closely. He also said that their gym lockers would be checked.

"Hey, he can't do that," said someone.

"Don't bet on it," said someone else.

Before he dismissed the meeting, Coach Walters told the guys how proud of them he was. He said he knew they were "men enough to overcome this filthy habit." He said, "You guys with tobacco habits have thirty days to clean up your act. I hope you have more sense than I did."

"Heavy duty," muttered Scott as they left the gym.

"Scares me!" said Matt.

"Yeah," said Danny.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," said Anthony when

*Coach Walters showed slides of lungs blackened by tar.*



BEST COPY AVAILABLE

they were out of earshot of the gym. "Ain't nobody gonna make me do nothin' I don't want to do."

"Oh get off it, man," Scott said. "Don't you care about your health?"

"I don't smoke *that* much. And I don't do dip. So I don't see what all the fuss is about. When I get older, maybe I'll think about it."

"What about you, Daniel?" Scott asked.

"I don't know," Danny replied. "I've gotta think about it."

* * *

Danny didn't smoke or use snuff for the rest of the afternoon, but later in the evening he really felt he needed some tobacco. Sitting with David in their bedroom, he lit a cigarette.

"Hey! What's the idea?" David asked angrily. "Put it out."

"Aw, come on, Dave. It's too cold to go outside to smoke."

"That's not *my* problem. I don't want to get sick from your smoke. Besides it grosses me out. And Mom too, in case you've forgotten."

Danny sighed. He picked up his jacket and left the apartment. As he sat on the front steps and smoked, he thought about what tobacco meant to him. He knew

it would be hard to quit. He wanted to talk to someone about it.

Lisa's a good person to talk to, he thought. The only problem was he knew exactly what she'd say. Even when she didn't say anything about his using tobacco, he knew what she was thinking. She didn't like him to smoke. And she hated the snuff. She even refused to kiss him if he'd been using it.

Maybe I'd better just cut down, he thought. Then he thought about the slides he'd seen. I'm going to have to make some kind of decision, he thought.

*What did Danny do?*

**Choice A**
*If you think Danny decided to try to stop using tobacco,*
**turn to page 73.**

**Choice B**
*If you think Danny decided* not *to quit at this time,*
**turn to page 67.**

Later the following month, Sarah and Danny stood side by side in the school hallway. They both held paintbrushes. A panorama of early American history was unfolding on the wall in front of them.

They stepped back to admire their work. Danny had just completed a prowling, spotted jaguar with shining, green eyes. Sarah's Aztec priest just needed the finishing touches on his headdress. The other people, animals, ships and temples would eventually be woven together with flowering jungle vines.

"I *love* your jaguar, Danny," Sarah said. "He makes me want to touch him."

"Paint's wet, so don't try it." Then he added, "Thanks.... We're a good team, right?"

"Yeah." She paused and then looked up into his face. "You know, I've been meaning to tell you something. But I don't quite know how to say it. You've been such a good friend to me—helping me to quit smoking and putting up with my bad moods. Just being there, smiling, saying 'No problem, everything's cool.' I guess I just want to say thanks."

Danny smiled. "That's what friends are for, right? I know you'd do the same for me. Anyway you should be proud of yourself. You're the one who's been going through all that stuff."

Sarah gave Danny a brief hug. Then she stepped back and faked a punch at his arm. "We'd better clean up."

## 62

They gathered paint cans, brushes, newspapers. "Oh, I almost forgot," Danny said. "Teresa's coming home from the hospital with the baby today."

"Oh, fantastic! Can we go see her? Vanessa, is it?"

"Yeah, Vanessa Irene Luna. I'll call Teresa and see when we can go over. You gonna be home this evening?" he asked.

"I think so."

"Okay, I'll call you tonight. Bye."

Sarah headed down the hall to her locker. Shawna was coming toward her. "Hi, Sarah."

"Hi, Shawna."

"Hey, I saw you with Danny. Are you going with him now?"

"No, not really. We're just good friends." Very good friends, she thought.

*THE END*

*Continued from page 41* 

Danny looked at Lisa again. She was watching him closely. "Oh, uh...no thanks," he said. "We'd better get back in or we'll miss the start."

He took Lisa's hand. She smiled at him in the flickering light. Danny was glad he hadn't taken the snuff. The rest of the evening was just about perfect.

* * *

Over the next few weeks, however, Danny continued to smoke. His body was used to tobacco now, so he felt bad when he didn't use it.

Then something unexpected happened. Coach Walters, who'd been smoking for twenty years, decided to quit. Just like that. And when he quit, he decided that all the guys on Rosemont's teams who used tobacco were going to quit too.

One afternoon, the coach called all the basketball teams together for a meeting in the gym. "There're going to be some changes made around here," he announced. "You may not believe it at first, but I'm really doing you guys a favor. In fact, I may be saving your lives."

Anthony looked at Danny. "Aww man," he groaned. "Who needs this?" There were other moans and grumbles from the group.

"Up until now," Coach Walters said, "we've usually

looked the other way when it came to smoking or chewing. Now it's going to be different." He turned out the lights and began to show slides. He showed lungs blackened by tar and hearts clogged up from the effects of nicotine. He showed lips, tongues, throats, and sinuses being eaten away by cancer. The worst ones of all were of a teenager with a gaping hole in his cheek. You could see his teeth through it. "That's the spot he always put his dip in," the coach announced.

"I'm gonna be sick," someone said.

"Chances are you'll be more than sick." (The coach was really getting worked up now.) "You'll be *dead* if you keep using tobacco—in any form. This kid with the hole in his face died. More and more people are getting mouth cancer. Most of them are guys your age. So I'm going to help you not be statistics."

Scott gave Danny a dazed look. "I didn't know it was *that* bad," he said.

Coach Walters went on to tell the boys they wouldn't be allowed to play sports for Rosemont if they used any form of tobacco. He gave them thirty days to "clean up their act."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," said Anthony when they were out of earshot of the gym. "Ain't nobody gonna make me do nothin' I don't want to do."

"Oh get off it," Scott said. "Don't you care about your health?"

"I don't smoke *that* much. And I don't do dip. So I don't see what all the fuss is about. When I get older, maybe I'll think about it."

"What about you, Daniel?" Scott asked.

"I don't know," Danny replied. "I've gotta think about it."

Danny didn't smoke for the rest of the afternoon, but later in the evening he felt he really needed some tobacco. He wanted to talk to someone. Maybe I'll call Lisa, he thought. Even though she didn't like him to smoke, she didn't nag him about it. She was a good listener. She could also give good advice if you asked.

"You sound really down," Lisa said when she heard Danny's voice. "What's the matter?"

Danny told her what Coach Walters had said. He described the slides. "The thing is," he said, "I really don't smoke that much. I'm not worried about my health at this point. But I don't want the coach on my case."

"Well," said Lisa, "since you asked for my opinion, I'll give it to you. Sooner or later you're going to have to quit, right? I mean, how many adults do you know that are still smoking?"

"Not very many. Just my old man, and look at him. His lungs are wrecked. He coughs all the time—it sounds like he's going to croak any minute."

"Danny, that's so sad! You don't want that to happen

to you!"

"Of course not, but I'd never let it go that far."

"That's just the point. By the time you start worrying about your health, you could be addicted. Then it'll really be hard to quit. If you're gonna quit anyway, why not do it now—before you've done permanent damage? You'll save your health, save all kinds of hassles, save money too," she said.

"Yeah. I know you're right. It's like my head's sayin' one thing and my body's sayin' something else."

"Well, Danny, I wish you luck. I really care about you, you know. But it's your body. It's your life."

*What did Danny do?*

Choice A
*If you think Danny decided to try to quit smoking,*
**turn to page 73.**

Choice B
*If you think Danny decided* not *to quit at this time,*
**turn to page 67.**

Thirty days had passed since Coach Walters had announced that he would no longer tolerate tobacco use by Rosemont High's teams. Some of the B basketball team, including Danny's friend, Scott, had made a real effort to quit. Others, like the team's star center, Anthony, had refused to even consider it. And still others, like Danny, were trying to make up their minds.

There were only two games left in the basketball season and the coach was getting nervous. He'd promised to kick people off the teams if they were still using tobacco after the thirty-day period. He knew he had to follow through and keep his word. Otherwise, it wouldn't be fair to the guys that had worked so hard to quit. But he also suspected that Anthony was still smoking. There's no way we can win those games without Anthony, he thought.

Coach Walters called the team members into his office one by one. He asked each one if he was using any tobacco products. Of course, no one said he was. But some of the guys looked pretty nervous. I'll have to keep an eye on them, thought the coach. The last person the coach called in was Anthony. When asked if he used tobacco, he replied, "That's my own business."

"Come on, Anthony. Don't cop an attitude with me," snapped Coach Walters. "You're making it hard on yourself. If I find out you're smoking, you know I'll

*"You look bummed. What happened?" James asked. "You get kicked off the team?"*

have to bust you."

"Whatever," said Anthony with a shrug. "But I don't see why my personal life should be the school's business. Long as I keep my grades up and keep makin' baskets it shouldn't make any difference to you all."

"I'm gonna tell you something in confidence, Taylor. I haven't told anyone else here and I don't want the word to get around. But I think you should know. I told you guys I'd been smoking for twenty years. What I didn't tell you was the reason I quit. The doctors found a couple of spots on my lungs that they're worried about. They're probably going to operate. And they might find cancer. I'm only 37 years old, Anthony. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

For once, Anthony didn't have a snappy reply. He just sat there with a shocked look on his face.

"When I was your age, I felt like you do," the coach continued. "I didn't believe anything really bad could happen to me. And I thought I could quit any time."

When Anthony came out of the coach's office, he went into the locker room. Danny and James Pryce were there. "You look bummed, man. What happened?" asked James. "You get kicked off?"

Anthony shook his head. "No. And I don't want to talk about it either."

## 70

The following Friday, the teams waited for the bus that would take them to their games at Roosevelt High. Danny had smoked a cigarette before leaving home, but he was careful not to bring any with him. He'd cut down on his smoking and he only used snuff once in a while, but he still didn't seem to be able to give up tobacco entirely.

The bus pulled up and the team members and cheerleaders piled on. Everyone got settled, but the bus didn't pull out.

"Hey," someone said, "where's Coach Walters?"

"Not only that," said someone else, "where's Anthony?"

"Oh, no," groaned the entire B team. They expected the worst.

Sure enough, five minutes later the coach climbed aboard. "Okay, let's go," he told the driver. He looked at the team. "Anthony won't be with us for the remainder of the season," he said. "I'm sorry."

"Man, the coach looks like he's gonna cry," Scott whispered.

"I don't blame him," said Danny. "What a bummer."

The cheerleaders did their best to stir up some enthusiasm among the team members, but it didn't work.

They lost the game. And they lost the next week's game too.

* * *

On the Saturday after the final defeat, Danny sat in front of the laundromat with Lisa. She was trying to cheer him up. "You did your best," she said.

"I just can't help thinking about Anthony. About how he must be feelin'. "

"It was his own fault, Danny. He knew what would happen. Michelle said he was smoking in the parking lot practically under the coach's nose."

"I know. I just think maybe I could've made more of an effort. Maybe I could've offered to quit with him or something."

"That's all in the past, Danny. You can't change it. Anyway you still can do something about your own smoking."

Danny gave a short laugh. "Yeah, I know." He was thinking about the pack of cigarettes in his jacket pocket.

*THE END*

*"I know one thing for sure," Danny said to Lisa. "You're a life saver."*



BEST COPY AVAILABLE

It was a bright, crisp Saturday morning. Danny sat with Lisa in front of the laundromat. It had been six weeks since Coach Walters had announced that he would no longer tolerate tobacco use by Rosemont High's teams.

"You tired?" she asked.

"Naw. I'm too stoked to be tired."

"What a great game, Danny. Really! You played great. And Anthony Taylor was unbelievable."

"Yeah. We still have the playoffs with King next week. I don't see how we can beat them, but we can make it hard on them anyway. And second place isn't bad."

"Not bad at all. Besides, you never know."

"Yeah." You never know, thought Danny. Six weeks ago he couldn't have predicted what would happen. The team had done better than anyone had expected. And no one had gotten kicked off! He hadn't been too sure Anthony was going to make it at first.

That guy had an *attitude*, Danny thought. Then, after the coach had called everyone into his office that time, Anthony had talked to Danny.

"You tryin' to get off cigarettes?" Anthony asked.

"Yeah. So's Scott. And Sarah Chen. We try to help each other."

"I was thinkin' maybe I'd try it."

So Anthony had decided to try to quit. He still

smoked occasionally, Danny knew. But he was really trying to break the habit. Anthony had finally admitted to himself that smoking really was dangerous. Danny suspected it had to do with something the coach had told him. But Danny didn't ask, and Anthony never said anything about it.

I think what freaked *me* out was when Lisa said "It's your *life*," Danny thought. It made me think about dying. I think that's when I decided to really try to quit.

He turned to Lisa. "Well, I know one thing for sure."

"What's that?"

"You're a life saver!"

She laughed and moved closer to him. "What flavor?" she asked.

*THE END*

## About this Book

***Danny's Dilemma*** is part of an important new series of books designed to help young people make informed, responsible decisions about drug use. Other books in the series include ***Serena's Secret*** and ***Christy's Chance.*** They combine substance abuse information and models for resisting peer pressure in the popular interactive adventure book format.

The development of these books was supported by funds from the National Institute of Child Health and Development. They have gone though extensive pretesting with preadolescents and have been carefully reviewed by substance abuse professionals. The committee of professionals not only gave initial input to determine appropriate content, but also reviewed the books during their development.

## About the Authors

Christine DeVault and Bryan Strong, PhD, are educators who have authored numerous elementary, middle school and college texts in sociology, psychology and family life.

---

Also available as part of this series are three companion nonfiction books, ***Alcohol: The Real Story, Tobacco: The Real Story,*** and ***Marijuana: The Real Story.*** Each book provides up-to-date facts and information about the use and abuse of alcohol, tobacco and marijuana. They are compact, easy to read and reinforced with illustrations and challenging case study scenarios.

# DANNY'S DILEMMA

Although Danny enjoys basketball, soccer and skateboarding, drawing is his true passion. And he's good at it. What happens to him and his friends at Rosemont High is entirely up to you. It's Your Choice.

Sarah reached into the backpack she carried. She took out a package of cigarettes and held it out to Danny. "You want one?"

Danny hesitated. He'd tried smoking a few times because he thought it looked cool. But it made him sick to his stomach. Besides, you heard such horrible things these days about what tobacco could do to you — cancer and heart disease and so on.

"Well, you gonna join me or not?" She was looking up at him. There was a twinkle in her bright, dark eyes.

*What did Danny do?*

Choice A
*If you think Danny took a cigarette,*
**turn to page 8.**

Choice B
*If you think Danny did not take a cigarette,*
**turn to page 16.**

IT'S YOUR CHOICE books are about young people faced with real-life choices and decisions. You make the decisions for the character. You make the story happen.

$3.95

ISBN 0-944186-31-1